

SONNET LVI I I.



BEAUTY 1 Siren ! kept with CIRCE's rod !
The faintest good in seem, but foulest
ill! The sweetest plague ordained for
man by GOD!

The pleasing subject of
presumptuous will! Th'alluring object of
unstayed eyes ! Friended of all, but unto
all a foe! The dearest thing that any
creature buys !

And vainest too (It serves but for a
shoe)! In seem, a heaven ; and yet
from bliss exiling!

Paying, for truest service, nought but
pain ! Young men's undoing! Young and
old beguiling !

Man's greatest loss, though thought his
greatest gain! True, that all this, with pain
enough I prove; And yet most true, I will
FIDESSA love!



SONNET LIX,

O I, UNTO a cruel tiger play;
That preys on me, as wolf upon the
lambs ? (Who fear the danger, both of night
and day,

And run for succour to their tender dams) Yet
will I pray (though She be ever cruel!)

On bended knee, and with submissive heart 1
She is the fire, and I must be the fuel.

She must inflict, and I endure the smart.
She must, She shall be mistress of her will;

And I, poor I, obedient to the same: As
fit to suffer death, as She to kill;

As ready to be blamed, as She to blame. And
for I am the subject of her ire, All men shall
know thereby my love entire*